

T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD;
A
S C O T S
Pastoral Comedy.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Seventh Edition, with the SONGS.

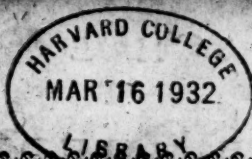


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Lodge-Stickney fund

The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hynd, engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Neice.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles .
from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

H



The Gentle Shepherd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Beneath the South-side of a craigy Beild,
Where crystal Springs the halefome Waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans ly,
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of May.
Poor Roger granes till hollow Ecchoes ring,
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

Patie and Roger.

Patie.

S A N G I. The wawking of the Faulds.

MY Peggy is a young Thing,
Just enter'd in her Teins,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT I.

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she-gars a' my Spirits glow
At wawking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whens'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naething gies me sic Delight,
As wawking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae safly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae safly,
And in her Sangs are tald
Wish Innocence the Wale of Sense,
At wawking of the Fauld.*

HIS sunny Morning, Roger, cheers my Blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising Plants,
To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing
Rants!

How faine some is't to snuff the cawler Air,
And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

Rog. I'm born, O *Patie*! to a thrawart Fate;
I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
Tempest may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to green for Lambkins Blood:
But I, oppress'd with never-ending Grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

Par. The Bees shall loath the Flow'r, and quit the Hive,
The Saughs on boggy Ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful Queanis, or Loss of worldly Gear,
Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

Rog.

Act I. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

5

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whafe Saul's sae sadly out of Tune.
You have sae fast a Voice, and sild a Tongue,
You are the Darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a Sang, or speak,
They dit their Lugs, syne up their Leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a Lass's Eye.
For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
And downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your Gear?
A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

Rog. My Byar tumbld, nine braw Nowt were smoor'd,
Three Elf-shot were; yet I these Ills endur'd:
In Winter last, my Cares were very sma',
Though Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Snaw.

Pat. Were your bein Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad los, and lefs you wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The O'ercome only fashes Fowk to keep.

Rog. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,
That thou may'st thole the Pangs of mony a Loss.
O! may'st thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench;
Till, bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

Pat. Sax good fat Lambs, I sauld them ilka Clute
At the *West-port*, and bought a winsome Flute
Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round,
A dainty Whistle with a pleasant Sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool,
Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool.

Rog. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish Beast;
Some other thing-lyes heavier at my Breast.
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night,
That gars my Fleth a' creep yet with the Fright.

Pat. Now, to a Friend, how silly's this Pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens!

Daft

6 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT I.

Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-seen Love, and dorty *Jenny's* Pride.
Take courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Rog. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a-squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka Place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a Know;
She fled as frae a shelly-coated Kow.
She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

Pat. But *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat;
He sighs for *Neps*: — Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na loe her: — But in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.
My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like;
Ev'n while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb Tike:
If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
She wad have shawn mair Kindness to my Beast.
When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
With a' her Face she shaws a caulrife Scorn.
Last Night I play'd, (ye never heard sic Spite)
O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delite;
Yet tauntingly she at her Cusin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like; I dinna care:
I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, *Roger*; wha can help Misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thravin-gabbit Chuck?
Yonder's a Craig; since ye have tint all Hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Loup.

Rog. I needna mak sic Speed my Blood to spill;
I'll warrant Death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft Gowk! leave aff that silly whinging Way:
Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
Hear how I serv'd my Lads I love as well
As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel.
Last Morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a Dike I lean'd, glowring about,

Act I. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* saw na me:
 For yet the Sun was wading through the Mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist.
 Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs that whyter were than Snaw;
 Her Cockernony inooded up fou sleek,
 Her Haffet-locks hang waving on her Cheek;
 Her Cheek sae ruddy, and her Een sae clear;
 And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinny-Pear.
 Near, neat she was, in Bustine Waist coat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny *Meg*, come here;
 I ferly wheretore ye'er sae soon asteer:
 But I can guess; ye're gawn to gather Dew.
 She scour'd awa, and laid, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye well, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack,
 She came with a right thieveless Errand back;
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my Dog
 To wear up three waft Ews stray'd on the Bog.
 I lough, and sae did she; then with great Haste
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waste,
 About her yielding Waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowing Mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my Grips,
 My very Saul came louping to my Lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack:
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.

S A N G II. Fy gar rub her o'er with Strac.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer Kindness with a Slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
 For Women in a Man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple Face give way
 To a Repulse—then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the Day.*

When

*When Maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue;
 But tent the Language of their Een :
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your Love with Hate;
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

*Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest Heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an Art
 To hearten ane : For now as clean's a Leek
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a Propine,
 My Mother (rest her Saul) she made it fine,
 A Tartan Plaid, spun of good Hawflock Woo,
 Scarlet and green, the Sets, the Borders blue,
 With Sprains like Gowd and Siller cross'd with black;
 I never had it yet upon my Back.*

*Well are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
 Red up my ravel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.*

*Pat. Well, hald ye there : — And since ye've frankly
 A Present to me of your braw new Plaid, (made
 My Flute's be your's; and she too that's sae nice
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my Advice.*

*Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny Spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.*

*Pat. But first we'll take a Turn up to the Height,
 And see gif all our Flocks be feeding right.
 Be that Time, Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese,
 Will make a Breakfast that a Laird might please,
 Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise,
 To season Meat with Health instead of Spice.
 When we have tane the Grace-drink at this Well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

*A flow'ry Howm between twa verdant Braes,
Where Lasses use to wash and spread their Claihs,
A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
Its Channel Peebles, shining, smooth and round,
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;
First please your Eye, next gratify your Ear,
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better Sense true Love defends.*

Peggy and Jenny.

Jenny.

Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,
The shining Day will bleech our Linen clean;
The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

Peg. Go faer up the Burn to *Habie's How*,
Where a' the Sweets of Spring and Summer grow;
Between twa Birks, out o'er a little Lin,
The Water fa's, and makes a singand Din;
A Pool Breast-deep beneath, as clear as Gläs,
Kisses with easy Whirls the bord'ring Grass:
We'll end our Washing while the Morning's cool,
And, when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
There wash our sell. — 'Tis healthfou now in *May*,
And sweetly cauler on sac warm a Day.

Jen. Daft Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
Gif our twa Herds come bratling down the Brae,
And see us sac? That jeering Fallow *Pase*
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height:
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Disdain?
The Nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loes you, yet ye carna by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

B

Jen.

10 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT I.

Jen. I dinna like him, *Peggy*; there's an End :
 A Herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kames his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
 With Ribbon-knots at his blue Bonnet Lug;
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
 And spreads his Garters dyc'd beneath his Knee :
 He falds his Owerlay down his Breast with Care,
 And few gangs trigger to the Kirk or Fair.
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How d'ye ? — or, There's a bonny Day.*

Peg. Ye dash the Lad with constant slighting Pride;
 Hatred for Love is unco fair to bide :
 But ye'll repent ye if his Love grow cauld.
 What like's a dorty Maiden when she's auld ?

S A N G III. Polwart on the Green.

*The Dorty will repent,
 If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
 And nane her Smiles will sent,
 Soon as her Face looks auld.*

*The daunted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
 Nor eats tho' Hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the Dinner's past :
 Thus by its sell abus'd,
 The fool Thing's oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy ! *Jenny*, think, and dinna sit your Time.

Jen. I never thought a single Life a Crime.

Peg. Nor I : — But Love in Whispers lets us ken,
 That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

Jen. If *Roger* is my Jo, he kens himsell;
 For sic a Tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the Cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his *Hums* and *Haws* ?
 When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're Fools that Slav'ry like, and may be free :
 The Cheils may a' knit up themselfs for me.

Peg.

Act I. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 11

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

Jen. Heh Lafs! how can ye loo that Rattle-scurr,
A very Deel that ay maun hae his Will?
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting Life
You twa will lead sae soon's ye're Man and Wife.

SANG IV. O dear Mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling;
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betyde you.
Lasses, when their Fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a Life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youths' Joys.*

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year,
Till I with pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,
Where on my *Patie's* Breast I'll lean my Head.
There we may kifs as lang as Kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen Days,
Mak meikle o' ye, with an unco Fraise,
And daut ye baith afore Fouk and your lane:
But soon as his Newfangelness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,
And think he's tint his Freedom for your sake;
Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
And may be in his Barlikhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving Wife a loundring Lick.

Peg. Sic course-spun Thoughts as thae want Pith to move
My settl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love.
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath;
But want of him I dread no other Skaith.
There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the Green
Has sic a Smyle, or sic twa glancing Een.

And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,
 His Words they thirle like Musick throw my Heart.
 How blythly can he sport; and gently rave;
 And jest at feckless Fears that fright the lave !
 Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill;
 He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
 He is — But what need I say that or this ?
 I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is !
 In a' he says or does there's sic a Gare,
 The rest seem Coofs, compar'd with my dear Pate.
 His better Sense will lang his Love secure :
 Ill nature hefts in Sauls are weak and poor.

Jen. Hey ! bonny Lads of *Branksome*, or't be lang,
 Your witty *Pate* will put you in a Sang.
 O ! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a Bride ;
 Syne whindging Gets about your Ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous Din ;
 To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae Waen fa's sick; ane stads its fell wi' Broe;
 Ane breaks his Shin, anither tynes his Shoe.
 The Deil gaes o'er *John Wobster* : Hame grows Hell,
 When *Pate* miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

Peg. SANG V. How can I be sad on my Wedding-day ?

*How shall I be sad when a Husband I hae,
 That has better Sense than any of thae
 Sour weak silly Fellows, that study, like Fools,
 To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools ?
 The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,
 Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
 He praises her Virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.*

Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a Wife,
 When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have Delight
 To hear their little Plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow, *Jenny* ! can there greater Pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee Tots toolying at your Knee ;
 When a' they ettle at, — their greatest With,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiss ?

Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight?

Jen. But Poortith; *Peggy*, is the warst of a':
Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance should Beggary draw;
But little Love or canty Chear can come
Frae duddy Doublets; and a Pantry toom.
Your Nowt may die; — the Spate may bear away
Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay; —
The thick-blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blashy Thows,
May smoor your Wathers; and may rot your Ews;
A Dyvour buys your Butter, Woo and Cheese,
But, or the Day of Payment, breaks and flees:
With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent:
'Tis not to gie; your Merchant's to the Bent:
His Honour manna want; he poinds your Gear:
Syne, driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer?
Dear *Meg*, be wise; and live a single Life:
Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married Wife.

Peg. May sic ill Luck befa' that filly She
Wha has sic Fears; for that was never me.
Let Fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest Uncle aften say,
That Lads shou'd a' for Wives that's virtuous pray:
For the maist thrifty Man could never get
A well stor'd Room; unless his Wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on thy part
To gather Wealth to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care;
And win the Vogue at Market, Troon or Fair;
For halsome, clean, cheap and sufficient Ware.
A Flock of Lambs, Cheese, Butter, and some Wood;
Shall first be sald to pay the Laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. — Thus, without Fear,
With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer.
And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rise,
He'll bless the Day he gat me for his Wife.

Jen. But what if some young Giglit on the Green,
With dimpled Cheeks, and twa bewitching Eech,
Should gar your *Patie* think his haff-worn *Meg*,
And her kend Kisses, hardly worth a Feg?

Peg.

Peg. Nae mair of that, — Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
 There's some Men constanter in Love than we.
 Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind
 Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and with Kindness smile,
 When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile.
 Sae whensoe'er they slight their Makes at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the Wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art,
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his Heart.
 At E'en, when he comes weary frae the Hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his Will.
 In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain,
 A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth stane :
 And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
 The seething Pot's be ready to tak aff ;
 Clean Hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his Board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good Humour and white Bigonets shall be
 Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

Jen. A Dish of married Love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane as Fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind,
 Bairns and their Bairns make, sure, a firmer Tye,
 Than ought in Love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side,
 Suppose them some Years since Bridegroom and Bride,
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading Branches are increast,
 And in their Mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,
 That in Return defends it frae the West.
 Sic as stand single, — (a State sae lik'd by you !)
 Beneath ilk Storm frae ev'ry Airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done, — I yield ; dear *Lassie*, I maun yield ;
 Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
 With the Assistance of a little Fae
 Lyes darn'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

SANG

SANC VI. *Nansy's to the Green Wood gane.*

*I yield, dear Lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That, sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst Love, nae Thinker heeds us;
They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fa'e,
That by the Heart-strings leads us.*

*Peg. Alake ! poor Pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wic Thing take the Air :
Haste let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's Man.*

*Jen. Anither Time's as good ; — for see the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the Greath : — If canker'd Madge our Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind ;
For this seems true, — Nae Lafs can be unkind. [Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A snug Thack-house, before the Door a Green ;
Hens on the Midding, Ducks in Du's are seen ;
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Byar ;
A Peet-stack joins, and forms a rural Squair.
The House is Glau'd's ; — there you may see him lean,
And to his Divot-seat invite his Friend.*

Glau'd and Symon.

Glau'd.

GOOD-MORROW, Nibour Symon ; — come sit down,
And gie's your Cracks. — What's a' the News in Town ?
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,
And seld your Crummock and her bassen'd Quey.

I'll

16 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT II.*

I'll warrant ye've cost a Pund of Cut and Dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my Heart: — And, tent me now, auld
I've gather'd News will kittle your Mind with Joy. (Boy,
I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye Things have taken sic a Turn,
Will gar our vile Oppressors stend like Flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the Hether-braes.

Gl. Fy blaw! — Ah *Symmie*! rattling Chiels ne'er
To cleck and spread the grossest Lies aff-hand; (stand
Whilk soon flies round, like Will-fire, far and near:
But loose your Pock, be't true or fause let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's belieying, *Glaud*; and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our *Master* been,
Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair Estate, to save his Head;
Because, ye ken, fou well he bravely chose
To stand his *Liege's* Friend with great *MONTROSE*.
Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Rich*; and ane ca'd *MONK*
Has play'd the *Rumple* a richt sly Begunk,
Restor'd King *CHARLES*: And ilka Thing's in Tune;
And *Habby* says we'll see Sir *William* soon.

SANG VII. *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

*Could be the Rebels Cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a Woody.
Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And ever high his Station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of Conscience, King and Nation.*

Gl. That makes me blyth indeed: — But dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your News again! and swear till't a'.
And saw ye *Hab*! And what did *Halbert* say?
They have been e'en a dreary Time away.
Now GOD be thanked that our *Laird's* come hame.
And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our Guts did grane,
Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his ain.

}
} Gl.

Act II. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 17

Gl. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent,
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our Mailens when we pat on *Sunday's* Claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy Air,
Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.

" Put on your Bonnet, *Symon*; — Tak a Seat: —

" How's all at hame? — How's *Elspa*? How does *Kate*?

" How sells black Cattle? — What gies Woo this Year? —
And sic like kindly Questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII. Mucking of *Geordy's* Byer.

The Laird wha in Riches and Honour

Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,

Nor rack the poor Tenants, who labour

To rise aboon Poverty:

Else, like the Pack-horse that's unfodder'd

And burden'd, will tumble down faint;

Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,

And Rackers aft tine their Rent.

Gl. Then wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedeen,
The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean;
Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,
As gart me mony a Time gae dancing hame.
My Heart's e'en rais'd! — Dear Nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your Dinner here with me the Day?
We'll send for *Elspeth* too; — and, upo' sight,
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.
I'll yoke my Sled, and send to the neist Town,
And bring a Draught of Ale baith stout and brown,
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife and Wean,
Drink till they tine the Gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my Friend his blyth Design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:

For heer-yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maur,

Yestreen I slew twa Wathers prime and fat;

A Furler of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,

And a large Ham hings reesting in the Nook.

I saw my sell, or I came o'er the Loan,

Our meikle Pot that seads the Whey put on,

C

A

A Mutton-bouk to boil; — and ane we'll roast;
 And on the Haggies *Elspa* spares nae Cost:
 Sma' are they thorn; and she can mix fou nice
 The gussy Ingans with a Curn of Spice.
 Fat are the Puddings, — Heads and Feet well sung:
 And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
 To pass this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
 And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome-hame.
 Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye all your Family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gl. Spoke like ye'r sell, Auld-birky; never fear
 But at your Banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith we shall bend the Bicker and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! — Troth I'm younger be a Score
 With your good News than what I was before.
 I'll dance or E'en! Hey! *Madge*, come forth; d'ye hear?

Enter Madge.

Mad. The Man's gane gytel! Dear *Symon*, welcome here.
 What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this Hastie and Din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Gl. Spin! Snuff: — Gae break your Wheel, and burn
 your Tow,
 And set the meiklest Peet-stack in a Low,
 Syne dance about the Bane fire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

Mad. Blyth New's indeed! — And wha was't tald
 you o't?

Gl. What's that to you? — Gae get my *Sunday's* Coat;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit Bands,
 My White-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands;
 Then frae their Walsing cry the Bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'r sells as trig, Head, Feet and Waist,
 As ye were a' to get young Lads or E'en;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest *Madge*, — and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the gate,
 And see that a' be done as I wad ha't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The open Field, — A Cottage in a Glen,
An auld Wife spinning at the sunny End, —
At a small Distance, by a blasted Tree,
With falded Arms and haff-rai's'd Look, ye see*

Bauldy his lane.

Bauldy.

W Hat's this! — I canna bear't! 'Tis war than Hell,
To be sae burnt with Love, yet darna tell!
O PEGGY! sweeter than the dawning Day,
Sweeter than gowany Glens, or new-mawn Hay;
Blyther than Lambs that frisk out o'er the Knows;
Straighter than ought that in the Forest grows.
Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
The Lilly irr her Breast its Beauty tines.
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
Will be my Dead, that will be shortly seen!
For *Pate* loes her, — waes me, and she loes *Pate*;
And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate,
Made a daft Vow! — O! but ane be a Beast,
That makes rash Aiths till he's afore the Priest.
I dare na speak my Mind, else a' the three,
But Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.
'Tis sare to thole, — I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
To break with ane, and win the other's Heart.
Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch, that for sma' Price
Can cast her Cantraips, and give me Advice.
She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.
At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,
And howks unchristen'd Weans out of their Graves;
Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow,
Rins withershins about the Hemlock Low;
And seven times does her Prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
Mixt with the Venom of black Taid and Snakes.
Of this, unsonly Pictures aft she makes

Of ony ane she hates; — and gars expire,
 With slaw and racking Pains afore a Fire;
 Stuck fou of Prins, the devilish Pictures melt,
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou well,
 When ane like me comes running to the Deil.
 She and her Cat sit beeking in her Yard.
 To speak my Errand, faith, amaißt I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast that Deils and Lassies drive.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

*A green Kail-yard, a little Font,
 Where Water poplan springs,
 There sits a Wife with Wrinkle-front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

Mause.

SANG IX: Carle, ann the King come.

*Peggy, now the King's came,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the King's come:
 Nae mair the Hawkies shalt thou milk,
 But change thy Plaiding Coat for silk,
 And be a Lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter Bauldy.

Bauldy.

HOW does auld honest Lucky of the Glen?
 Ye look baith hale and fere at Threescore ten.
May. E'en twining out a Thread with little Din,
 And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.
 What brings my Bairn this Gate sae air at Morn?
 Is there nae Muck to lead? — to thresh nae Corn?
Baul. Enough of baith; — But something that requires
 Your helping Hand employs now all my Cares.

Mau.

Mau. My helping Hand, alake ! what can I do,
That underneath baith Eild and Poortith bow ?

Baul. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

Mau. Of what kind Wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my Character aboon the rest ?

Baul. The Word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I soud tell.

Mau. What Fowk says of-me, *Bauldy*, let me hear ;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you but a Flaw.

When last the Wind made *Gland* a roofless Barn ;

When last the Burn bore down my Mither's Yarn ;

When *Brawny* Elf-shot never mair came hame ;

When *Tibby* kirk'd and there nae Butter came ;

When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-checked Wean

To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane ;

When *Watie* wander'd ae Night through the Shaw,

And tint himsel amaisht amang the Snaw ;

When *Mungo's* Mare stood still and swat with Fright,

When he brought East the Howdy under Night ;

When *Bawsy* shot to dead upon the Green,

And *Sarah* tint a Snood was nae mair seen :

You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,

And ilka ane here dreads ye round about.

And sae they may that mint to do ye Skaith,

For me, to wrang ye I'll be very laith :

But when I neist make Grots, I'll strive to please

You with a Furlot of them mixt with Pease.

Mau. I thank ye, Lad ; — now tell me your Demand ;
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

Baul. Then, I like *Peggy* ; — *Neps* is fond of me ; —

Peggy likes *Pate* ; — and *Patie's* bauld and slec,

And loes sweet *Meg* : — But *Neps* I downa see. — }.

Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and than

Peggy's to me, — I'd be the happiest Man.

Mau. I'll try my Arts to gar the Bools row right,

Sae gang your Ways, and come again at Night.

'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,

Worth all your Pease and Grots, tak ye nae care.

Baul.

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Baul. Well, *Mause*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find;
But if ye raise the *Deil*, he'll raise the Wind;
Synce Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the Night sae rough, I'll tyne the Gate.
We're a' to rant in *Symie's* at a Feast,
O will ye come like *Badrans*, for a Jest?
And there ye can our diff'rent Haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. 'Tis like I may; — but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle Cast.

Baul. If I ought of your Secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka Night to *Erance*. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause her lane.

Hard Luck, alake! when Poverty and Eild,
Weeds out of Fashion, and a lanely Beild,
With a small Cast of Wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' Name, *A wrinkled Wisch*.
This Fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a Wretch in Compact with *Auld Nick*;
Because by Education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common Thought.
Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear:
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane ken'st but me; — and if the Morn were come,
I'll tell them Tales will gar them a' sing dumb. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*Behind a Tree upon the Plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet;
In Love, without a vicious Stain,
The bonny Lass and chearfu' Swain
Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

Patie and Peggy.

Peggy.

O *Patie*! let me gang, I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny* she's away.

Pat.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And *Roger* he's awa with *Jenny* gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here where Primroses thickest paint the Green,
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.
Hark how the Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads,
How fast the Westlin Winds sough through the Reeds.

Peg. The scented Meadows, — Birds, — and healthy
Breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please.

Pat. Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and and blind:
Gif I could fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
As my dear *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.
Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier;
Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flowers appear;
Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes
That warble through the Merl or Mavis' Throats:
With thee I tent nae Flowers that busk the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.
The sweetest Fruits that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

Peg. But *Patrick* for some wicked End may fleech,
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.

I darena stay; — ye Jocker, let me gang;
Anither Lads may gar ye change your Sang;
Your Thoughts may flit, and I may thole the Wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness drap,
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap;
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease;
The Gaits to climb, — the Sheep to yield the Fleece:
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our Love, I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your Aith: — But mony Lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in haff a Year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if a fairer Face your Heart should steal,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was daunted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a Year.

I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out Words, I chus'd you frae the Thrang
 Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
 Aft to the *Tansy-know*, or *Rashy-strand*.
 Thou smiling by my Side— I took Delyte
 To pou the Rashes green, with Roots fae whyte;
 Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flow'ry Belt and Snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
 And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill;
 To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
 When at the Bughts at E'en I met with thee.

Pat. When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Feils;
 Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me,
 Gif I could find Blae Berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the Stane,
 And wan the Day, my Heart was flightring fain:
 At all these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
 For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. *Jenny* sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*;
 And *Rosie* lilt the *Milking of the Ews*;
 There's nane like *Nansy*, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
 At Turns in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion dings*:
 But when my *Peggy* sings, with sweeter Skill,
 The *Boatman*, or the *Last of Patie's Mill*;
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
 Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can Lassies trow what they desire!
 And roos'd by them we love, blows up that Fire.
 But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try:
 Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.
 Be still as now, and a' my Cares shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small Variation, was sung at the
 Acting, as follows,*

SANG X. The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the green Hill,
 And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill;*

To

*To bear the Milk-bowie nae Pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.*

*Pat. When Corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue Hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells;
Nae Birns, Brier or Breckens gave Trouble to me,
If I found the Berries right ripe'n'd for thee.*

*Peg. When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka Sport manly gave Pleasure to me;
For nane can put, wrestle or run swift as thee.*

*Pat. Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom Knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanly can sing;
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our Lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

*Peg. How easy can Lasses trow what they desire!
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire:
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be,
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.*

*Pat. Wert thou a Giglit Gawky, like the lave,
That little better than our Nowt behave;
At nought they'll ferly — senseless Tales believe;
Be blyth for silly Heghts, for Trifles grieve: —
Sic ne'er cou'd win my Heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better Sense, without a Flaw,
As in thy Beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.*

*Peg. Agreed: — But harken, yon's auld Aunty's Cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.*

*Pat. And let them ferly; — now a kindly Kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad not be amiss;*

26 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT II.

And syne we'll sing the Sang with tunefu' Glee,
That I made up last Owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your Hyre. —————

Pat. ————— Well I agree.

SANG XI. *Patie* sings.

*By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye that smiling tells the Truth,
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love; and why should ye deny?*

Peggy sings.

*But ken ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done?
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Power,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

Patie sings.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Haff-year.*

Peggy, singing, falls into *Patie's* Arms.

*Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's Arms for good and a':
But stint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.*

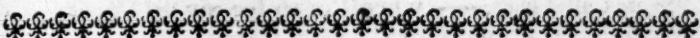
Patie, with his left Hand about her Waist.

*O charming Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away:
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live-lang Day;
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the Westlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O! lass your Steeds, post Time away,
And hast about our Bridal Day:
And if ye're wearied, honest Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.*

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lime,
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleach'd with Time.
An Elwand fills his Hand, his Habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been:
But whisht! it is the Knight in Masquerade,
That comes hid in this Cloud to see his Lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld Av'nues, anes delightfu' Groves.*

Sir William solus.

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguise,
I'll for a Space, unknown, delight mine Eyes,
With a full View of every fertile Plain,
Which once I lost, — which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a Roof; the Gates fallen from their Bands;
The Casements all broke down; no Chimney left;
The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft;
My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!
That with each rainy Blast decaying falls;
My Gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet,
Where, round the figur'd Green and Pebble-walks,
The dewy Flowers hung nodding on their Stalks;
But, overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
No *Jaccacincths*, or *Eglintines* appear.
How do these ample Walls to Ruin yield,
Where *Peach* and *NetPrine* Branches found a Beild,
And bask'd in Rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to View, delightfu' in the Use!
All round in Gaps, the most in Rubbish ly,
And from what stands the wither'd Branches fly.

D 2

These

These soon shall be repair'd; — and now my Joy
 Forbids all Grief, — when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only Prop, and Object of my Care,
 Since Heaven too soon call'd home his MOTHER fair,
 Him, ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
 Till we should see what changing Times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,
 After his fleecy Charge serenely gay,
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.
 Thrice happy Life, that's from Ambition free:
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how chearfully,
 A quiet, contented Mortal spends his Time,
 In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime!

Or sung as follows. SANG XII. Happy Clown.

*Hid from himself, now by the Dawn,
 He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the Height and Lawn,
 After his bleating Flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the Day,
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly Weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from Ambition free,
 Envy and vile Hypocrisy,
 Where Truth and Love with Joys agree,
 Unsully'd with a Crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
 In propping of their Pride and State,
 He lives, and, unafraid of Fate,
 Contented spends his Time.*

Now tow'rd's good Symon's House I'll bend my Way,
 And see what makes yon Gamboling to day;
 All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
 My youthful Tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's House, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round;
There's nought superfluous to give Pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear Peat-ingle
Glances amidst the Floor;
The green Horn-spoons, Beech Luggies mingle
On Skelfs forgainst the Door.
While the young Brood sport on the Green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the brown Cow to clear their Een,
Snuff, crack, and take their Rest.

Symon, Glaud and Elspa.

Glaud.

WE anes were young our fells, — I like to see
 The Bairns bob round with other merrily.
 Troth, Symon, *Patie's* grown a strapan Lad,
 And better Looks than his I never bade.
 Among our Lads he bears the Gree awa',
 And tells his Tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elf. Poor Man! — he's a great Comfort to us baith:
 Gop mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith.
 He is a Bairn, I'll say't, well worth our Care,
 That ga'e us ne'er Vexation late or air.

Gl. I true, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be with *Peggy's* Beauty tane:
 And troth my *Neice* is a right dainry Wean,
 As ye well ken; a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better, — be't she were na Kin to me.

Sym. Ha! *Glaud*, I doubt that ne'er will be a Match.
 My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;
 And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell,
 I'd rather be mixt with the Mools my fell.

Gl. What Reason can ye have? There's nane, I'm sure,
 Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor.
 But gif the *Lassie* marry to my Mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind:

Four-

30 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT III.

Fourscore of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,
Five Ky that at ae Milking fills a Kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that Day the's a Bride;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs at Spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elf. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this Day eight Days, likely he shall learn,
That our Denial dinna slight his Bairn.

Gl. Well, nae mair o't; — come, gie's the other Bend,
We'll drink their Healths, whatever Way it end.

[*Their Healths gae round.*]

Sym. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*; — by some 'tis said,
Your Neice is but a *Fundling*, that was laid
Down at your Hallon-side, ae Morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

Gl. That clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

Enter Jenny.

Jen. O! Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,
Turns owre the Leaves, and gie's our Brows a Look;
Syne tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard:
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gang hungry by my House to day. [*Exit Jenny.*]
But for his telling Fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

Gl. Spaemen! — the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt;
For greater Liars never ran thereout.

[*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.*]

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest Carle; — here, tak a Seat.

S. Will. I give ye Thanks, Goodman; I'll be no blate.

Gl. Come t'ye, Friend! [*drinks.*] How far came ye the
Day?

S. Will. I pledge ye, Nibour; — e'en but little Way:
Rousted with Eild, a wic piece Gate seems lang;
Twa Miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym.

ACT III. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 31

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all Night with me,
And tak sic Bed and Board as we can gi' ye.

S. Will. That's kind unsought. — Well, gin ye have a
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn, (Bairn,
I shall employ the farthest of my Skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. Only that Lad; [*pointing to Patie.*] alake! I have
Either to mak me joyful now or wae. (nae mac,

S. Will. Young Man, let's see your Hand. — What gars
ye sneer?

Pat. Because your Skill's but little worth, I fear.

S. Will. Ye cut before the Point: — But, Billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a Mouse-mark on your Side.

Elf. Betooch-us-to! — and well I wat that's true:
Awa, awa! the Deil's owre great wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

S. Will. I'll tell ye more; if this young Lad be spair'd
But a short While, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

Elf. A Laird! — Hear ye, Goodman! — what think
ye now!

Sym. I dinna ken! Strange auld Man, what art thou?
Fair fa' yōur Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth;
Come turn the Timber to Laird *Patie's* Health.

[*Patie's Health gaes round.*]

Pat. A Laird of rwa good Whistles and a Kent,
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,
Is all my great Estate, — and like to be:
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, *Patie*; — let the Man look owre your
Hand;

Aftimes as broken a Ship has come to Land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand, then counter-
feits falling into a Trance, while they endeavour to
lay him right.*]

Elf. Preserve's! — the Man's a Warlock, or posselt
With some nae good, — or Second-sight at least.
Where is he now? —

Gl. — He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

Elf. These Second-sighted Fowk, His Peace be here!
See Things far aff, and Things to come, as clear

As

32 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT III.*

As I can see my Thumb; wow! can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himself)
How soon we'll see Sir *William*? Whisht! he heaves,
And speaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better. — *Elspa*, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a Tass of *Usquebae*.

Sir William starts up and speaks.

A Knight that for a LYON fought,
Against a Herd of Bears,
Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
In which some Thousands shares:
But now again the LYON rares,
And Top spreads o'er the Plain;
The LYON has defeat the Bears,
The Knight returns again.

That Knight, in a few Days, shall bring
A Shepherd frae the Fauld,
And shall present him to his King,
A Subject true and bauld.
He Mr. PATRICK shall be call'd: —
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel;
But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,
To tell some Tales that Fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep?

S. Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your Beard;
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesying shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying Fowks are odd kind Men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpled Meaning of your unko Tale,
Whilk soon will make a Noise o'er Muir and Dale.

Gl. 'Tis nae sma' Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And takes't for Gospel what the Spaemen gives,
Of fawing Fortunes whilk he evens to *Pate*;
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Will.

ACT III. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 33

S. Will. Whisht, doubtfu' Carle, for ere the Sun
Has driven twice down to the Sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gl. Well, be't sae, Friend; I shall say naithing mair,
But I have twa sonfy Lassies young and fair,
Plump ripe for Men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

S. Will. Nae mair through Secrets can I list,
Till Darknes black the Bent,
I have but anes a-day that Gift:
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. *Elspa*, cast on the Claith, fetch butt some Meat,
And of your best gar this auld Stranger eat.

S. Will. Delay a while your hospitable Care,
I'd rather enjoy this Ev'ning calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd Tower to fetch a Walk,
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

Sym. Soon as you please, I'll answer your Desire; —
And, *Glaud*, you'll take your Pipe beside the Fire;
We'll but gae round the *Place*, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our Pint and Crack.

Gl. I'll out a while, and see the Young-anes play:
My Heart's still light, abeit my Locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Jenny pretends an Errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting Flame,
And thow his Lassie's Breast.
Behind a Bush, well hid frae Sight they meet.
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

Poor Shepherd!

Roger and Jenny,

Roger.

Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye ler,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' fer.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he could speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

E

Rog.

34 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT III.*

Rog. Yes ye may guess right eith for what I green,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een;
And I maun out wi't tho' I risk your Scorn:
Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Even and Morn.
Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest Lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye Nay.

Rog. Alake! my frighted Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my Tale,
For fear some tighter Lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your Love, and near your Heart may ly.

Jen. I loe my Father, Cusin *Meg* I love;
But to this Day nae Man my Mind could move:
Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear *Jenny*? — sayna that again:
What Pleasure can ye tak in giving Pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand fre;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my Pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our Sweetness soon foryet.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs or sing!
But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,
Than we our Daffine and tint Power repent,
When prison'd in four Waws a Wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest Drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake of Gear,
Ane wales a Wife as he would buy a Mare;
Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind
Of different Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But Love, true downright Love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn, — still to delight in thee.

Jen. What suggar'd Words frae Wooers Lips can sa'!
But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining Fair the Morning rise,
And soon the sleety Clouds mirk a' the Skies;
I've seen the Silver Spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy Puddles disappear:
The Bridegroom may rejoyce, the Bride may smile;
But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.

Rog.

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Rog. I've seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,
The Day unclouded, sink in calmest Night;
I've seen the Spring rin wimpling throw the Plain,
Increase, and join the Ocean without Stain:
The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile,
Rejoyce throw Life, and all your Fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd Love maintain,
The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain:
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;
And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my Head! —
This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Dead.
Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wondring Love! let's kiss till we be tyr'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the Sun and Stars away,
And ferly at the quick Return of Day!
O *Jenny*! let my Arms about thee twine,
And bris the bonny Breasts and Lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows. SANG XIII. Leith-wynd.

Jen. Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy Maid beset with Love
Few Words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond Heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

Rog. I'm happy now; ah! let my Head
Upon thy Breast recline;
The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
Is *Jenny* then sae kind? —
O let me bris thee to my Heart!
And round my Arms entwine:
Delytesful Thought; we'll never part!
Come press thy Mouth to mine.

Jen. With equal Joy my easy Heart gi'es way,
To own thy well-try'd Love has won the Day.

36 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT III.*

Now, by these warmest Kisses thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me when by Vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.

Jen. SANG XIV. O'er Bogie.

*Well I agree, ye're sure af me;
Next to my Father gae.
Make him content to give Consent;
He'll hardly say you Nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.*

*Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, or learn to change,
Like these in high Degree:
And if you prove faithful in Love,
You'll find nae Fault in me.*

Rog. My Faulds contain twice fifteen forrow Nowt,
As mony newcal in my Byats rowt;
Five Pack of Woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell;
Good twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed
With meikle Care my thrifty Mither made:
Ilk Thing that makes a heartsome House and right,
Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es Joy to me,
Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my *Jenny* shou'd the samen skair.
My Love and all is your's; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best; — but see wha comes this Way,
Patie and *Mez*, — besides I mauna stay;

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ACT III. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 37

Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal of Scorn.

Rog. To where the Saugh-tree shades the Mennin-pool,
I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;
Keep Tryst, and meet me there, there let us meet,
To kifs, and tell our Love; — there's nought sae sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*This Scene presents the Knight and Sym
Within a Gallery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron shown his Face;
But joking with his Shepherd leel,
Aft speers the Gate he kens fou well.*

Sir William and Symon.

Sir William.

TO whom belongs this House so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending generous Aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir William *Worthy* is our Master's Name,
Wha fills us all with Joy, now **HE'S COME HAME.**

[*Sir William draps his masking Beard,
Symon transported sees*

*The welcome Knight with fond Regard,
And grasps him round the Knees.*]

My Master! my dear Master! — do I breathe!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith!
Return'd to chear his wishing Tenant's Sight,
To bless his SON, my Charge, the World's Delight!

S. Will. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy
A Place, thy due, kind Guardian of my Boy.
I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;
Since still the Secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due Obedience to your strict Command
Was the first Lock; — neist my ain Judgment fand

Out

Out Reasons plenty: — Since, without Estate,
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.

S. Will. And aften vain and idly spend their Time,
Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
Hang on their Friends, — which gi'es their Sauls a Cast,
That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

Sym. Now well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
For there's Laird *Kytie's* Son, that's loo'd by few.
His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name.
He gangs about sornan frae Place to Place,
As scrimp of Manners, as of Sense and Grace,
Oppressing all as Punishment of their Sin,
That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain Fam'ly, as to give him Trust.

S. Will. Such useless Branches of a Commonwealth
Should be loppt off, to give a State mair Health,
Unworthy bare Reflexion. — *Symon*, run
O'er all your Observations on my Son.
A Parent's Fondness easily finds Excuse:
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his Praise, the longest Summer-day
Wad be owre'short, — could I them right display.
In Word and Deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave;
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contest,
Patrick's made Judge, to tell whase Cause is best;
And his Decreet stands good; he'll gar it stand:
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting Hand.
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.

S. Will. Your Tale much pleases; — my good Friend, pro-
What Learning has he? can he write and read? (ceed:

Sym. Baith wonder well; for troth I didna spare,
To gi'e him at the School enough of Lair;
And he delytes in Books: — He reads and speaks,
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin* Words and *Greeks*.

S. Will. Where gets he Books to read? — and of what
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind. (kind?

Sym. Whene'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh* Port,
He buys some Books of History, Sangs or Sport;

Nor

Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a Poutchfu' to the Hill.
About ane *Shakespear*, and a famous *Ben*,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of Men.
How sweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Stirling* sing,
And ane ca'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,
He kens fou well, and gars their Verses ring.
I sometimes thought that he made o'er great Fraze,
About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.

When I reprov'd him aies, — a Book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

S. Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my Ear,
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:
Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind
Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a Book:
When we a Leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our sell?

S. Will. Well jested, *Symon*; — but one Question more,
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The Youth's arriv'd the Age when little Loves
Flighter around young Hearts like cooing Doves;
Has no young Lassie with inviting Mein,
And rosie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthful Heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest Part,
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
With *Gland's* fair Niece, than I thought right or meet.
I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourself your Son will soon appear.
A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,
May bless the fairest best-born Lady's Arms.

S. Will. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me;
None but your self shall our first Meeting see.
Yonder's my Horse and Servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave Command:
Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the Secret may to all confess.

Sym.

40 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT IV.

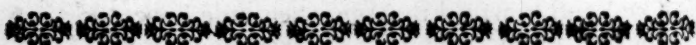
Sym. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
There's none can know, that is not downright me. [*Exit.*]

Sir William solus.

When the Event of Hopes successfully appears,
One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years.
A thousand Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
And Cares evanish like a Morning-dream;
When wish'd for Pleasures rise like Morning-light,
The Pain that's past enhances the Delight.
These Joys I feel that Words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late Distress.

But from his rustick Business and Love,
I must in haste my *Patrick* soon remove,
To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve.
Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,

Only in little Breakings shews its Light,
Till artful Polishing has made it shine:
Thus Education makes the Genius bright.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene describ'd in former Page,
Glaud's Onset. — *Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Maufe.

O U a Laird's come hame, and own'd young *Pate* his
Heir!

That's News indeed! —————

Mad. ————— As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Yard,
Sir William, like a Warlock, with a Beard,
Five Nives in length, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco Look,
While frae his Pouch he whirled forth a Book:
As we stood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;

Then

ACT IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 41

Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naething hae.

Mau. Then sure the Lassies, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loaf.

Mad. As fast as Fleas skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk see Tod *Lawrie* hads without his Mow,
When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Simmer-days slides backward in a Pool.
In short, he did for *Pate* braw Things foretell,
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell.
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome Master; — round his Knees he gat,
Hang at his Coat, and tyne for Blythness grat.

Patrick was sent for — happy Lad is he!
Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.

Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

Mau. It may be sae, wha kens? and may be no.
To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain:
Even Kings have tane a Queen out of the Plain;
And what has been before, may be again.

Mad. Sic Nonsense! Love tak Root but Tocher'good;
'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood:
Sic Fashions in King *Bruce*'s Days might be;
But siccan Ferlies now we never see.

Mau. Gif *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain;
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain;
Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain.

Mad. He get her! slavering Doof! It sets him well
To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to teil.
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see —

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your Choice as he.
And so wad I: But whisht, here *Bauldy* comes!

Enter Bauldy singing.

Jenny said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell:

F

Here

42 The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT IV.

*Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

I trow sae, — Lassies will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their Snaw-baws cast.

Mau. Well, *Bauldy*, how gae a' ? —

Baul. — Faith unco right :

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but aae this Night.

Mad. And wha's th' unlucky ane ? if we may ask.

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult Task.

Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate* turn'd PATRICK and Sir WILLIAM's Heir.
Now, now, good *Madge* and honest *Mause*, stand be,
While *Meg's* in dumps, put in a Word for me.

I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove,
Lefs wilful, and ay constant in my Love.

Mad. As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,
Where mony a time to her your Heart was sworn.
Fy, *Bauldy* ! blush, and Vows of Love regard :
What other Lads will trow a mansworn Herd ?
The Curse of Heav'n hings ay aboon their Heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my Niece sae gray a Gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

Baul. Sae gray a Gate ! Mansworn ! and a' the rest ;
Ye leed, *auld Roules*, — and in Faith had best
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar ye stand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand ! ye sheveling gabbit Brock ;
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my Rock,
And ten sharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,
Can slyp the Skin o' ye'r Cheeks out owre your Chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, *Mause* ; ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn, — I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny Names,
And should be serv'd as his good Breeding claims.
Ye filthy Dog ! —

[*Flies to his Hair like a Fury : — A stout Battle. —*

Mause endeavours to redit them.

Mau. Let gang your Grips ; fy, *Madge* ! howt, *Bauldy* !
leen ;

I wadna wish this Tuilzie had been seen,

'Tis

Act IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 43

'Tis sae daft like. —————

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches with a bleeding Nose.*]

Mad. ——— 'Tis dafter like to thole
An Ether-cap, like him, to blaw the Coal.
It sets him well, with vile unscrapt Tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young.
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their Bairns Bairns have seen.

Man. That's true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd Name.

Baul. My Lugs, my Nose, and Nodle finds the same.

Mad. *Auld Roudes!* filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.

Man. Howt no; — ye'll e'en be Friends with honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake Hands; this maun nae farther gae:
Ye maun forgie'm; I see the Lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, *Mause*, I have at *Madge* nae spite:
But she abusing first was a' the Wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your Pardon! Gallows face, gae greet,
And own your Fault to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow and loup back! — Was e'er the like heard tell?
Swiath tak him, Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell.

Baul. [*running off.*] His Presence be about us! Curst
That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee. (were he,
[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mad. [*laughing.*] I think I have towzled his Harigals a-
He'll no soon green to tell his Love to me. (wee;
He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve
A Lassie sae he does but ill deserve.

Man. Ye towin'd him tightly, — I commend ye for't:
His bleeding Snout gae me nae little Sport;
For this Forenoon he had that scant of Grace
And Breeding baith, — to tell me to my Face,
He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wad na stand
To lend him in this Case my helping Hand.

Mad. A *Witch!* — How had ye Patience this to bear,
And leave him Een to see, or Lugs to hear?

44 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT IV.*

Mau. Auld wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints, like mine,
Obliges Fowk Resentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning can the lack of Pith supplie.
Thus I pat aff Revenge till it was dark,

Syne bad him come, and we should gang to Wark :
I'm sure he'll keep his Tryste; and I came here
To seek your Help, that we the Fool may fear.

Mad. And special Sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the Witch, and I shall play the Ghaist.
A Linen-sheet wond round me, like ane dead;
I'll cawk my Face, and grane, and shake my Head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a Lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on Night;
The Westlin Cloud shines red with setting Light. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*When Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,
And the green Swaird grows damp with falling Dew;
While good Sir William is to Rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks through the Broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.*

Patie and Roger.

Roger.

Wow but I'm cadgie, and my Heart louns light;
O! Mr. *Patrick*, ay your Thoughts were right.
Sure gentle Fowk are farer seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of Pedigree.
My *Jenny* now, wha brake my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding, — sweet, — and nae mair Scorn.
I spake my Mind, — she heard; — I spake again,
She spil'd, — I kiss'd, — I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.
Pat. I'm glad to hear't: — But O! my Change this Day
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a Father gently kind as brave,
And an Estate that lifts me 'boon the lave,

With

ACT IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

45

With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confess,
He all the Father to my Soul express,
While close he held me to his manly Breast.
Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth
Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing of my Youth!
Who set too soon! — And while he Praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful Cheek a Torrent flow'd.
My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail;
That, speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.
Unusual Transports made my Head turn round,
Whilst I my self with rising Raptures found
The happy Son of a' sae much renown'd.
But he has heard — too faithful *Symon's* Fear
Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear;
Which he forbids; — ah! this confounds my Peace,
While thus to beat my Heart must sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand;
But were't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty and hassen Reason plead his Cause:
But what cares Love for Reason, Rules and Laws?
Still in my Heart my Shepherdess excells,
And Part of my new Happiness repells.

Or sung as follows. SANG XV. Kirk wad let me be.

*Duty and Part of Reason
Pleads strong on the Parents Side,
Which Love superior calls Treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now, tho' I'm one of the Gentry,
My Constancy Falshood repells;
For Change in my Heart has no Entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

Rog. Enjoy them baith; — Sir *William* will be won:
Your *Peggy's* bonny, — you're his only Son.

Pat. She's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love,
And frae these Bands nae Change my Mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, through Life I will be true;
But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

Rog.

46 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT IV.

Rog. Is not our Master, and your sell to stay
Amang us here, — or are ye gawn away
To London Court, or ither far aff Parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts?

Pat. To *Edinburgh* straight to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to *France*,
Where I must stay some Years, and learn — to dance,
And twa three other Monky-tricks: — That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,
For some few Bags of Cash, that I wate weel,
I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel.
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

Rog. *They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The Ourecome only fashes Fowk to keep.* —
Good Mr. *Patrick*, tak your ain Tale hame.

Pat. What was my Morning-thought, at Night's the
same :

The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
CONTENT's the greatest Blis we can procure
Frae 'boon the Lift — Without it Kings are poor.

Rog. But an Estate, like your's, yields braw Content,
When we but pike it scanty on the Bent :
Fine Claiths, soft Beds, sweet Houses, and red Wine,
Good Chear, and witty Friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeysant Servants, Honour, Wealth and Ease;
Wha's no content with these, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss;
But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er their Blis:
The Passions rule the Roast; — and, if they're sour,
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the fat devour.
The Spieen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang like the sharpest Goads in Gentry's Side.
The Gouts and Gravels, and the ill Disease,
Are frequentest with Fowk owrelaid with Ease;
While o'er the Muir, the Shepherd, with less Care,
Enjoys his sober Wish, and hale some Air.

Rog. Lord! Man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.

How

ACT IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 47

How gat ye a' that Sense? I fain wad lear,
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae Books, the wale of Books, I gat some Skill;
These best can teach what's real Good and Ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk Year to ware some Stanes of Cheese,
To gane these silent Friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:
Faith I'll hae Books, tho' I should tell my Ky.
But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir *William's* Will and *Peggy's* Love.

Pat. Then here it lyes, — His Will maun be obey'd,
My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride:
But I some time this last Design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for *Peggy*; yonder comes my Dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the Secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the Deels defy. [Exit Roger.]

Patie. solus.

With what a Struggle must I now impart
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast Soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Disappointment — Heaven, support my Fair,
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.
Her Eyes are red —————

Enter Peggy.

————— My *Peggy*, why in Tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me
A gentle Match, or still a Herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutren Pain, see frae the Coast
The Ship that bears his All like to be lost;
Like to be carried by some Rever's Hand,
Far frae his Wishes to some distant Land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own;
But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.

I Fal-

48 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD: AG IV.*

I Falshood hate: Come kifs thy Cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.

Sir William's generous, leave the Task to me,
To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

Peg. Speak on! — speak ever thus, and still my Grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.

New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,
That with nice Air swims round in Silk Attire;
Then I, poor me! — with Sighs may ban my Fate,
When the young Laird's nae mair my hartsome *Pate*:

Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest
By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:

Nae mair be envy'd by the tatling Gang,
When *Patie* kils'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!
And rin haft breathless round the Rucks of Hay,

As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on Purpote that I might be tane.

Nae mair around the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.

But hear my Vow — 'twill help to give me Ease,
May sudden Death, or deadly sair Disease,

And warst of Ills attend my wretched Life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVI. Woes my Heart that
we shou'd sunder.

Speak on, — speak thus, and still my Grief,

Hold up a Heart that's sinking under

These Fears, that soon will want Relief,

When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler Face and Silk Attire,

A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,

Alake poor me! will now conspire,

To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.

No more the Shepherd who excell'd

The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,

Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell,

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,

Ye Banks where we were wont to wander.

Sweet

ACT IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 49

*Sweet scented Rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the Know with silent Duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly Beauty?
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering Lover,
Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a Wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure Heaven approves; — and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a While,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this Isle;
Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move
The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
To sic as have the Patience to be Kings.
Wherefore that Tear? believe, and calm thy Mind.

Peg. I greet for Joy to hear thy Words sae kind.
When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair,
Made me think Life was little worth my Care,
My Heart was like to burst: But now I see
Thy generous Thoughts will save thy Love for me.
With Patience then, I'll wait each wheeling Year,
Hope Time away till thou with Joy appear.
And all the while I'll study gentler Charms,
To make me fitter for my Traveller's Arms.
I'll gain on Uncle Glaud; — he's far frae Fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School,
Where I may Manners learn —————

Or sung as follows. SANG XVII. Twiced-side.

*When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
My Heart it was going to break;
My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
But now I will sav't for thy Sake.*

G

Where'er

50 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT IV.*

*Where'er my Love travels by Day,
Wherever he lodges by Night,
Wish me his dear Image shall stay,
And my Soul keep him e'er in Sight.*

*With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
And study the gentlest Charms;
Hope Time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those Arms.
Whilst thou was a Shepherd, I priz'd
No higher Degree in this Life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a Height is becoming thy Wife.*

*For Beauty that's only Skin deep,
Must fade like the Gowan of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a Decay.
Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

*Pat. ——— That's wisely said,
And what your Uncle wares shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart;
Yet now, left in our Station we offend,
We must learn Modes to Innocence unkend;
Affect oft-times to like the Thing we hate,
And drap Serenity to keep up State:
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the Fashion, when we're blyth seem wae:
Pay Compliments to them we oft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their Backs are turn'd.*

*Peg. If this is Gentry, I had rather be
What I am still; — but I'll be ought with thee.*

*Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With Gentry's Apes; for still amongst the best,
Good Manners give Integrity a Bleeze,
When native Virtues join the Arts to please.*

Peg.

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ACT IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 51

Peg. Since with nae Hazard, and sae small Expence,
My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous Sea
Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?
Sir *William's* cruel, that wad force his Son,
For Watna-whats, sae great a Risk to run,

Pat. There is nae Doubt but Travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy Sake, my Love:
But soon as I've shook aff my Landwart Cast
In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting Day and rising Morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven and ask thy safe Return.
Under that Tree, and on the *Suckler Brae*,
Where aft we wont, when Bairns, to run and play;
And to the *Hissel Shaw*, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers,
With Joy, that they'll bear Witnests I am yours,

Or sung as follows. SANG XVIII. Bush aboon Traquair.

*At setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the Birken Bush,
When first thou kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
Whilst round thou didst ensold me.*

*To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-shaw or Fountain;
Or where the Summer-day Pd share
With thee, upon yon Mountain.
There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My Dear, allow me, frae thy Temples fair,
A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair;
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my Arm.

Peg. Wer't in my Power with better Boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same Ease:
Nor wad I, if thy Luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae Jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little Time,
To ware't on Words, wad border on a Crime:
Love's faster Meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with Kisses on the Heart imprest. [Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possess,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly Rest:
Bare-leg'd, with Night-cap, and unbutton'd Coat,
See the auld Man comes forward to the Sot.*

Symon and Bauldy.

Symon.

WHAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this early Hour,
While drousy Sleep keeps a' beneath its Power?
Far to the North the scant approaching Light
Stands equal twixt the Morning and the Night.

What gars ye shake and glowr, and look sae wan?
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some Water, Milk or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy, — Legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be my sell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon, O Symon! O!*

[Symon gives him a Drink.]

Sym. What ails thee, Gowk! — to make sae loud Ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his Bed,
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

Enter Sir William.

S. Will. How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeously after. *Sym.*

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest;
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Sp'rit oppress,
He's seen some *Witch*, or wrestl'd with a Ghaist. }

Baul. O ay, — dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

S. Will. [*smiling*] I lang to hear't. —

Bau. — Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Mause*,
That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art,
To gain a bonny thrawart Lassie's Heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night,
But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!
For the curst Hag, instead of doing me Good,
(The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
Rais'd up a Ghaist or Deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead Corse, in Sheet as white as Milk.
Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death;
Upon me fast the *Witch* and it fell baith.
And gat me down, while I, like a great Fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at School:
My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp;
I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,
Till with an elritch Laugh they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, haf dead with Anger, Fear and Spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your Help, to gi'e the Deel his Due.
I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat Tar-barrel *Mause* be burnt.

S. Will. Well, *Bauldy*, what e'er's just shall granted be,
Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get Leave to squeel,
And cast her Cantraips that bring up the Deel. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

S. Will. Troth *Symon*, *Bauldy's* more afraid than hurt,
The Witch and Ghaist have made themselves good Sport.
What silly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,
That is, throw Want of Education, blind!

Sym. But does your Honour think there's nae sic Thing,
As Witches raising Deels up through a Ring?
Syne playing Tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

S. Will.

S. Will. Such as the Devil's dancing on a Moor,
Amongst a few old Women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoyc'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;
Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,
While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broomstuffs ride;
Or in the Egg shell skim out o'er the Main,
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft by Night, bumbaze hare-hearted Fools,
By tumbling down their Cup-board, Chairs and Stools:
Whate'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
Such Whimfies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
Had either meikle Sense, or yet was rich:
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest Life.
That gars me think this Hobleshew that's past
Will land in naithing but a Joke at last.

S. Will. I'm sure it will; — but see increasing Light
Commands the Imps of Darknes down to Night:
Bid raise my Servants, and my Horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the Morning-air.

SANG XIX. Bonny gray-ey'd Morn.

*The bonny gray-ey'd Morning begins to peep,
And Darknes flies before the rising Ray,
The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,
To follow healthful Labours of the Day,
Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow;
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,
And he joins their Concert, driving his Plow,
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss
Of half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,
The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.
Be my Portion Health and Quietness of Mind,
Plac'd at a due Distance from Parties and State,
Where*

Act V. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 55

*Where neither Ambition nor Avarice blind
Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his Fate.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*While Peggy laces up her Bosom fair,
With a blue Snood Jenny binds up her Hair;
Glaud by his Morning-ingie takes a Beek,
The rising Sun shines motty throw the Reek,
A Pipe his Mouth, the Lassies please his Een,
And now and then his Joke maun interveen.*

Glaud, Peggy and Jenny.

Glaud.

I With, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night;
Ye do not use sae soon to see the Light.

Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the Thrang,
To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang:
But do you think, that now when he's a Laird,
That he poor landwart Lassies will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair Sense than slight auld Friends tho' poor;
But yesterday he gae us mony a Tug,
And kiss'd my Cusin there frae Lug to Lug.

Gl. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his Company refrain.

Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a Wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal Live:
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

Peg. A Rake! what's that?— Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my Skill.

Gl. Daft Lassie, ye ken nought of the Affair:
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare.
A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame,
To do what like of us thinks Sin to name.
Sic are sae void of Shame, they'll never stap,
To brag how aften they have had the Clap.

They'll

56 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT V.

They'll tempt young Things like you, with Youdith flush'd,
Synne mak ye a' their Jest when ye're debauch'd.

Be wary then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or board with sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's vertuous, and of gentle Blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gl. That's true; and mony Gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner fawn: They're sae puff'd up with Pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,
That shaws the Gate to Heav'n. — I've heard my sell
Some of them laugh at Doomsday, Sin and Hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, Father! Heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a Doomsday, doubts a God.

Gl. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink.
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic Gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The LORD forbid! — Na, he kens better Things.
But here comes Aunt; her face some Ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for owre the gate,
To hear and help to redd some odd Debate
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witch craft-spell,
At *Symon's* House; the Knight sits Judge himsell.

Gl. Lend me my Staff. — *Madge*, lock the Outer-door,
And bring the Lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. [*Exit Glau.*]

Mad. Poor *Meg*! — Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een?
This Day her brankan Wooer takes his Horse,
To strute a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross;
To change his Kent, cut frae the branchy Plane,
For a nice Sword, and glancing-headed Cane;
To leave his Ram-horn Spoons, and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that smells like new won Hay;
To leave the Green-swaired Dance, when we gae milk,
To ruffle amang the Beauties clad in Silk.
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send in Hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear Aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your Scom?
That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.

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And
Had

Gi

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Gif I the Daughter of sothe Laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green.
Now, since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then the like has been, if the Detree
Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

Mad. A bonny Story trowth! — but we delay;
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away. *[Exit:]*

SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd Chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe
Attend, and, with loud Laughter, hear
Dast Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause:
For how 'tis tell'd him that the Taz
Was handled by revengesu' Madge,
Because he brak goöd Breeding's Laws,
And with his Nonsense rais'd their Rage.*

*Sir William, Patie, Roger, Symon, Glaud,
Bauldy, Elspa and Maufe.*

Sir William.

ANd was that a' ? Well, *Bauldy*, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a Matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd
By Perjury an innocent young Maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my Faut thro' a' the Steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

Man. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your Honour, I believe it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the Deel:
Yet, with your Honour's Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengesu' —————
And that my *Some-place* finds: But I had best
Had in my Tongue; for yonder comes the *Ghaist*;

H

And

And the young bonny *Witch*, whose rosie Cheek
Sent me, without my Wit, the Deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy and Jenny.

S. Will. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose Daughter's she that
wears th' *Aurora* Gown,

With Face so fair, and Locks a lovely Brown?
How sparkling are her Eyes! What's this I find?
The Girl brings all my Sister to my Mind.
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.
Is this your Daughter, *Glaud*?

Gl. ————— Sir, she's my Niece; —
And yet she's not: — But I should had my Peace.

S. Will. This is a Contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! Pray thee, *Glaud*, explain.

Gl. Because I doubt if I should make appear
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year.

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Will. Speak on, I'm all Impatience! —————

Pat. ————— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gl. Then, since my Master orders, I obey. —
This BONNY FUNDLING, as clear Morn of *May*,
Close by the Lee-side of my Door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In Infant-weeds of rich and gentle Make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, worse than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air
Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me
Only about twa Towmonds auld to be.
I took her in my Arms; the Bairny smil'd,
With sic a Look wad made a Savage mild.
I hid the Story; she has past sincelyne
As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean;
For she's well worth the Pains that I have tane.
Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come of gentle Blood;
Of whom I kenna. — Naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

S. Will.

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s. Will. This Tale seems strange! —————

Pat. ————— The Tale delights my Ear!

s. Will. Command your Joys, young Man, till Truth appear.

Mau. That be my Task. — Now, Sir, bid all be hush;
Peggy may smile. — thou hast no Cause to blush.
 Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,
 That I might safely to the Truth give way;
 That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name,
 The best and nearest Friend that she can claim.
 He saw't at first, and with quick Eye did trace
 His Sister's Beauty in her Daughter's Face.

s. Will. Old Woman, do not rave, — prove what you
 'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play. (say;

Pat. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have
 To tell a Lie, when she's sae near her Grave?
 But how, or why, it should be Truth, I grant,
 Every Thing, looks like a Reason, want.

Omnes. The Story's odd! we with we heard it out.

s. Will. Mak haste, good Woman, and resolve each Doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*

Mau. Sir, view me well; has fifteen Years so plow'd
 A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,
 That here I as an unknown Stranger stand,
 Who nurs't her Mother that now holds my Hand?
 Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

s. Will. Ha! honest Nurse, where were my Eyes before?
 I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more;
 Yet, from the Lab'rinth to lead out my Mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*
 Yes surely thou'rt my Niece, Truth must prevail:
 But no more Words till *Mause* relate her Tale.

Pat. Good Nurse, go on; nae Musick's haff sae fine,
 Or can give Pleasure like these Words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her Infant-life,
 Her Death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife.
 The Story's lang, but I the Secret knew,
 How they pursu'd, with avaritious View,
 Her rich Estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a Confident confest.

I heard with Horror, and with trembling Dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.
 That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,
 At Midnight-hour, the Floor I softly prest,
 And staw the sleeping Innocent away;
 With whom I travell'd some few Miles ere Day.
 All Day I hid me; — when the Day was done,
 I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,
 Till Eastward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,
 Where needful Plenty glades your chearful Swains.
 Then Fear of being found out, I to secure
 My Charge, e'en laid her at this Shepherd's Door;
 And took a neighbouring Cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here, honest *Glaud* himself, and *Symon* may
 Remember well, how I that very Day
 Brae Roger's Father took my little Cove.

Gl. [*with Tears of Joy happing down his Beard.*] I well
 remember't: *LORD* reward your Love.

Larg have I wish'd for this; for afit I thought
 Sic Knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a Crime to doubt; — my Joys are full,
 With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.

Sir, with paternal Love survey her Charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her Arms.
 She's mine by Vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

S. Will. My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my Care,
 Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair,
 Equal with *Patrick*; now my greatest Aim
 Shall be to aid your Joys, and well match'd Flame.
 My Boy, receive her from your Father's Hand
 With as good Will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

Pat. With as much Joy this Blessing I receive,
 As ane wad Life that's sinking in a Wave.

S. Will. [*raises them.*] I give you both my Blessing; may
 your Love

Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

Peg. My Wishes are complete, — my Joys arise,
 While I'm half dizzy with the blest Surprise.

And

And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
That for me so much generous Kindness had?
Lang may Sir *William* bless these happy Plains,
Happy, while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Par. Be lang our Guardian, still our Master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
The Estate be yours, my *Peggy's* anc to me.

Gl. I hope your Honour now will take Amends
Of them that sought her Life for wicked Ends.

S. Will. The base unnatural Villain soon shall know,
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

Peg. To me the Views of Wealth, and an Estate,
Seem light, when put in Balance with my *Pate*:
For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For such a Kindness, best of Men, to you.

Sym. What double Blythness wakens up this Day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away?
Shall I unsaddle your Horse, and gar prepare
A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare?
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow?
Our Looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even *Bauldy* the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell *Madge's* Taz, and pawky *Mause's* Plot.

S. Will. Kindly old Man, — remain with you this Day!
I never from these Fields again will stray;
Masons and Wrights shall soon my House repair,
And busy Gardners shall new Planting rear:
My Father's hearty Table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best Friends rejoyce with me.

Sym. That's the best News I heard this twenty Year;
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

Gl. GOD save the King, and save Sir *William* lang,
T'enjoy their ain, and raise the Shepherd's Sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What Shepherd's Whistle winna lilt the Spring?

Baul. I'm Friends with *Mause*, — with very *Madge* I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woody fled. (greed,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live*,

Mad.

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Mad. Lang may he live; — and, *Bauldy*, learn to steek
Your Gab a wee, and think before ye speak,
And never ca' her auld that wants a Man,
Else ye may yet some Witch's Fingers ban.
This Day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt
Of our young Lady, — my dear bonny Bairn!

Peg. No other Name I'll ever for you learn —
And, my good Nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a'thy matchless Kindness done for me!

Mau. The flowing Pleasures of this happy Day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Will. To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Gland*, to you, }
And to your Heirs, I give in endless Feu,
The Mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

Mause, in my House, in Calmness close your Days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's Praise.

Omnes. The LORD of Heaven return your Honour's
Love,

Confirm your Joys, and a' your Blessings roove.

Pat. [*presenting Roger to Sir William.*] Sir, here's my
trusty Friend, that always shat'd

My Bosom Secrets e're I was a Laird.

Gland's Daughter Janet (*Jenny thinkna Shame*)

Rais'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:

Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,

And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son;

Be pleas'd to speak to *Gland* for his Consent,

That nane may wear a Face of Discontent.

S. Will. My Son's Demand is fair, — *Gland*, let me crave,
That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have
With frank Consent; and while he does remain
Upon these Fields, I make him Chamberlain.

Gl. You crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we say, }
But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your Honour wills I shall obey.

Roger, my Daughter, with my Blessing, take,
And still our Master's Right your Business make.
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head,
Shall nod with Quietness down among the Dead.

Rog.

Rog. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my Days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a Fraise;
But for my Master, Father, and my Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

S. Will. My Friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave
Each in his Station as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever vertuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.
The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when Hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Aft when we stand on Brinks of dark Despair,
Some happy Turn, with Joy, dispells our Care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey:
I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

SANG XX. Corn Riggs are bonny.

My PATIE is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy;
His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy:
His Shape is handsome, middle Size,
He's comely in his Wawking;
The Shining of his Een surprize:
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spake,
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Lasses of a silly Mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry PATE,
And syne my Cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

F I N I S.

